

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

*Marcius.* *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

*Satur.* Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

*Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

*Satur.* Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not

Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

*Andronicus* would thou wert shipt to hell,

Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

*Lucius.* Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good  
That noble minded *Titus* means to thee.

*Titus.* Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee  
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

*Bessian.* *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die :

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,

I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men

Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

*Titus.* People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,

I aske your voyces and your suffrages,

Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

*Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,

And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,

The people will accept whome he admits.

*Titus.* Tribunes I thanke you, and this sute I make,

That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,

Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Tytans rayes on earth,

And ripen iustice in this common weale :

Then if you will elect by my aduise,

Crown him, and say, long live our Emperour.

*Marcius.* *An.* With voyces and applause of euery sort,

Patricians and Plebeians we create

Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

*of Titus Andronicus.*

And say, Long live our Emperour *Saturnine*.

*Saturni.* *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,

To vs in our election this day,

I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :

And for an onset *Titus* to aduance

Thy name, and honorable familie,

*Lavinia* will I make my Empresse,

Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred *Parthian* her espouse :

Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

*Titus.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.

And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,

King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,

My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Romes imperiall Lord :

Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

*Satur.* Thanks noble *Titus*, Father of my life,

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these vnspeakable deserts,

Romans forget your fealtie to me.

*Titus.* Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,

To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly and your followers.

*Satur.* A gooly Lady, trust me of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose a new :

Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,

Thou comist not to be made a scoine in Rome:

Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

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Rest